

# CASTORIA

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*Chas. H. Fletcher.*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

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## Across the Columbia

Continued from page 1

detectives' counsel, and it prevailed. Detective Day and Sheriff Marsh got into a buggy by themselves, and the remainder of the party drove off in a large car, pulled by two black horses. The ride was an exceedingly dusty one, and for the first two miles every buggy passing was halted to know if their occupants had any tidings of Tracy or Merrill, but none of them had met the convicts on the road. Driver Herbert Leiser whipped up the horses again, and just as some thickly wooded timber rose in view there was a snap and part of the harness broke, and after mending it with rope the posse started again.

Vancouver, June 16.—That the posse led by Sheriff Cooke, of Clackamas, and Marsh, of Clark, have surrounded Tracy and Merrill in the fourth plain country back of Vancouver, is the news brought here at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The two sheriffs think that they have their forces so disposed that the two outlaws cannot escape this time, and the closing-in process has already begun.

Tracy and Merrill appeared at the cabin of a rancher named Peties, about four miles back of Vancouver at 6:30 this morning, bound and gagged the proprietor, stole his clothes and some loose garments which were in the cabin. Then they went away, leaving Peties lying on the ground. He was found by passersby an hour later and told his story.

After going a short distance from Peties' cabin, Tracy and Merrill stopped and changed clothing for the ones they had stolen. The discarded garments, including their prison shoes, were found by members of the posse, later in the day. Among the garments found were several taken from Dr. White, who was held up by the convicts in Marion county. This establishes positively that the posse is after the right men.

The country in which the convicts now are, is brushy, and affords ample opportunity for hiding. Despite this fact, it is now thought their capture is only a matter of a few hours. Reinforcements have been sent for.

MRS. JONES FED THEM.

Mrs. Edwin Jones, who lives about a half a mile from Liester's Point, reports that early yesterday afternoon two men armed to the teeth, called at her house and asked for something to eat. The men entered by the front gate and both seemed tired and sleepy. Both were ragged and dirty and the taller one, Tracy, wore overalls that were badly torn. Merrill stood outside and kept guard while Tracy solicited food.

He told a hard-luck story, saying they were unfortunate and natives of the state of Washington. Mrs. Jones gave them a roll of butter, some flour, a knife, fork and spoon and nearly half a loaf of bread. Tracy asked for some baking powder for cooking bread, which was also given. Mrs. Jones asked him to come in and eat, as she was cooking dinner at the time, but he refused. She was considerably alarmed at their appearance and asked him if they were not Tracy and Merrill. At first he evaded the question, but at last made a clean breast of the matter and acknowledged that they were the escaped convicts.

He then grew communicative and told her something about prison life. He said the penitentiary was a hard place to live and that they had not tasted butter in three years, that all convicts were fed on was bread and lard.

Mrs. Jones ventured the remark that she hoped none of her boys would ever reach the penitentiary, and Tracy said amen. Dinner was about ready, and Mrs. Jones was expecting her husband, who was cutting wood near by, to arrive at any time, but he did not come until the desperadoes had gone.

While the conversation was going on between Tracy and Mrs. Jones, Merrill was talking and joking with her two little sons, Paul and Peter. He carried a sack, and when asked by the children what the sack contained, told them it was filled with grasshoppers. Tracy gave the woman \$1 for the food and the men left, traveling due north. They then dropped into the brush about 300 yards from the house and ate lunch off the food bought.

SEEN NEAR ST. JOHNS.

Abel Curran, a farmer, reports that two men heavily armed and answering to the description of Tracy and Merrill, passed by his place near St. Johns, Clark county, about six miles from Vancouver, at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. They passed by in an unconcerned manner and made no attempt to

molest him.

VANCOUVER EXCITED.

Vancouver is an excited city and the names Tracy and Merrill were on every tongue this morning. The streets were thronged with people of all classes, and at the local telephone office, where the posse was organized and the plan of procedure outlined, the street was almost jammed with people. Many citizens armed themselves during the course of the day and left for the plains, where the fugitives were last seen. Quite a number of the company G N G W men, in command of Captain W. W. Sparks, volunteered their services and joined the armed host. The militia was not ordered out on military authority, but were allowed to go as volunteer members of the posse. There was talk of securing the services of a portion of the United States army at the barracks, but this will probably not be done.

Read It in His Newspapers.

George Schaub, a well known German citizen of New Lebanon, Ohio, is a constant reader of the "Dayton Volkszeitung." He knows that this paper aim to advertise only the best in its columns, and when he saw Chamberlain's Pain Balm advertised therein for lame back, he did not hesitate in buying bottle of it for his wife, who for eight weeks had suffered with the most terrible pains in her back and could get no relief. He says: "After using the Pain Balm for a few days my wife said to me, 'I feel as though born anew,' and before using the entire contents of the bottle the unbearable pains had entirely vanished and she could again take up her household duties." He is very thankful and hopes that all, suffering likewise, will hear of her wonderful recovery. This valuable liniment is for sale by Graham & Wells.

Salem, Or., June 13.—The reward for the capture dead or alive, of Tracy and Merrill was tonight increased to \$3,000 or \$1500 for either man. The reward of \$500 for information that will lead to arrest and conviction of the party or parties who furnished the convicts with rifles and ammunition remains unchanged. Charles Ferrell of Reno, Nev., brother of Frank B. Ferrell, one of the murdered guards, tonight offered an additional reward of \$100 for the capture, dead or alive, of Tracy, who is known to have killed Ferrell.

Virulent Cancer Cured.

Startling proof of a wonderful advance in medicine is given by druggist G. W. Roberts of Elizabeth, W. Va. An old man there had long suffered with what good doctors pronounced incurable cancer. They believed his case hopeless till he used Electric Bitters and applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which treatment completely cured him. When Electric Bitters are used to exil bilious, kidney and Microbe poisons at the same time this salve exerts its matchless heating power, blood diseases, skin eruptions, ulcers and sores vanish. Bitters 50c, Salve 25c at Grsham & Wortham.

Of What does a bad taste in your mouth remind you? It indicates that your stomach is in bad condition and will remind you that there is nothing so good for such a disorder as Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets after having once used them. They cleanse and invigorate the stomach and regulate the bowels. For sale at 25 cents per box by Graham & Wells.

Saved From an Awful Fate.

"Everybody said I had consumption," writes Mrs. A. M. Shields, of Chambersburg, Pa. "I was so low after six months of severe sickness, caused by Hay Fever and Asthma, that few thought I could get well, but I learned of the marvelous merit of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, used it, and was completely cured." For desperate Throat and Lung diseases it is the safest Cure in the world, and is infallible for Coughs, Colds and Bronchial Affections. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00.

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Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

Clearance Sale

Mrs. J. Mason announces a clearance discount of 20 per cent on 12 dozen trimmed dress hats.

Attention

Why wear suits that do not fit? Why, if you are a short man wear a coat that was made for a long man? You can get suits made to order that will exactly fit at prices as low as you can buy them ready made. Suits to order for \$15 and upwards. Call and examine samples and crocks.

Jacob Wilson, Corvallis.

## POSSE GIVES UP

ALL TRACE OF TRACY AND MERRILL IS LOST.

Their Pursuers Go Home—Officers Hope Hunger Will Drive Them Out—State Increases the Reward.

Barlow, June 13.—Tracy and Merrill were not captured today, nor are they likely to be, unless, elated by their success in eluding their multitudinous pursuers they become too bold and present a target for some reward-hunting poss-shooter. Where they are, no man can say. Since noon Thursday they have gone their way unseen and unheard, save in the imagination of rumor-mongers. Their pursuers have given up the search. The militia retired earliest, and this afternoon, at the end of a wild-goose chase that led from the rendezvous at Graves' ranch to Barlow, 10 miles away. Sheriff Durbin and Cooke decided that nothing more could be accomplished by pursuing rumors around the country, and drove back to their homes, Durbin taking the bloodhounds, the rolling batteries of eight Winchester and two vehicle loads of deputies back to Salem, while Cooke drove into Oregon City with a look of deep disgust graven on his sun-browned features.

There was a woman in the case, as was to be expected, and her name was dame rumor. She has been lighting the will-o'-the-wisps to serve as lanterns for the feet of the strenuous man-chasers, ever since the quarry has been affield, but only to day did any one take her seriously. All day straying reports had been reaching the headquarters of the allied sheriffs and their posse at Graves' ranch, the place where the convicts last put in an appearance. As they were unofficial, however, and as reports of the same kind have annoyed the searchers from the beginning, no heed was paid to them until just after dinner, when Sheriff Cooke received by a weary courier a message that the two murderers had taken breakfast at a hat near Barlow at 4 o'clock in the morning, and that the posse must proceed immediately to that point if it was desirous of taking the prisoners into camp.

The dispatch came from a friend of Cooke's at Oregon City, and it looked business-like. Furthermore, it confined the rumors that had been drifting out to the ranch by every horseman and farmer, and it was deemed prudent to act upon it at once. Sheriff Durbin, who, after a night's rest at Aurora, had rejoined the searching party, with E. M. Carson and the Walla Walla bloodhounds, had just taken the dogs into a creek bottom near the ranch, and the brutes were striving to get a fresh scent. A man was sent to the edge of the wood to shout for him to return, and he and Carson were the next minute hurrying for the ranch, while the dogs, scenting news in the air, ran joyously on ahead. There was a brief conference, and it was decided to move on to Barlow without delay. The cavalcade, consisting of at least 10 vehicles, was ready to proceed in 10 minutes and, amid the farewells of the people at the ranch, who, for the past two days have experienced the most exciting times of their lives, the procession drove off.

There was no hesitation this time. Along the road for miles clouds of dust showed where buggies and carriages were flying along, and in less than an hour the telephone station at Needy was fairly surrounded with rigs, while heavily armed men swarmed out and banked thickly around the telephone, awaiting further news. Cooke emerged from the telephone booth with a look of satisfaction on his face. Two men, he said, had come into a store at New Era in the morning and had been last seen west of the railroad, making for the river.

It began to look as if a fight was in prospect. The members of the posse clutched their rifles firmly, and thought how about to use them. The bloodhounds pricked up their drooping ears as far as possible and looked interested. Everybody climbed into conveyances, and the procession was again about to move when Durbin, who had been a little suspicious of the report from the first, suggested that part of the party remain behind until he and Cooke with the bloodhounds and about six men went to the front to see what could be done. Cooke was also of the opinion that a few picked men were better than an unorganized army, and doubted the expediency of booming into Barlow with the whole outfit, unless there should prove to be need for it. So some of the posse staid behind, while the rest whipped up and went off down

the road amid a cloud of dust that was blinding.

The dash was continued until within two miles of Barlow, where it came to an abrupt termination. Two men on the road encountered by Durbin and Cooke, who were leading the van, were asked about the rumor, and pronounced it a "fake," pure and simple. It had originated in a saloon, they said, and had been set afoot by speculation as to how two hoboes, who had been seen in the neighborhood of Barlow and New Era this morning, could terrorize the country if they choose to tell people that they were Tracy and Merrill. The posse was halted and Durbin and Cooke proceeded into Barlow to investigate the report, followed by a couple of wagon loads of newspaper men. It was as the men on the road had said, a fabrication. The people of Barlow had been bothered all day by telephone and telegraph messages asking for its verification, but knew nothing of it further than that some one had said that the two men with rifles had eaten a meal in the cabin of Roy Dungan and his brother, two woodcutters. Dungan denied the story, so did every one else having authority, and Durbin seeing the uselessness of driving 10 miles back to Graves' ranch to find two men who had been unguarded for four hours and unseen for 36, ordered the posse back to Salem, and he and Cooke, parting company, went their respective ways.

Both will hold themselves in readiness to proceed in the direction of any authentic report of the whereabouts of the two outlaws, but until such information comes, it is believed that it will be just as well to wait at home, and allow the fagged-out men and dogs to take rest which has been denied them for so many days.

WHERE ARE THE CONVICTS?

Where the convicts are now no one knows. They may be walking calmly along some mountain road in Eastern Clackamas county, headed for the mountains; they may be working their way toward Portland with such information as to the country as they can obtain from the people they meet, or they can be sleeping peacefully in the tangled wilderness that covers Rock Creek bottom, near Graves' ranch. They have five pounds of bacon, sufficient to enable them to travel several days without disclosing their whereabouts by applying for food to any more ranches, and they are undoubtedly rested by this time from the strain of the first fight ahead of the hounds. It is more than likely that they will come to Portland, for men of their character are unsuited to outdoor life, and as soon as they get ready to go to work at their trade, that of holding people up, they will want a city as a field of operation.

CONVICTS MAY GET TOO BOLD.

There is another thing, however, to be taken into consideration, and that is the recklessness the men have shown since first they began to enjoy their unaccustomed liberty. Whenever they have been in need of food they have walked boldly into the nearest farm house for it, and so free have these sorties been from disastrous consequences that the men have undoubtedly gained an abnormal confidence in themselves. This can be carried so far that the factor of safety will snap, and it is possible that the gentry may meet up with a man some fine morning who will bear in mind that the reward reads "dead or alive," and do a little target practicing on them. There are just as "bad" men in Oregon as Tracy and Merrill, and some of them are not far from Graves' ranch, so if the bandits try to become too confident it is not improbable that they will be rewarded unexpectedly for their misdeeds. Both have been acting in a manner which proves that they know very little about the country, and if they have had any accomplices to assist them, or to start a blind trail in another direction, these have long since been frightened by the size of the force that is looking for the erstwhile prisoners, and held themselves out of range of the scores of rifles that are being carried about the country.

MILITIA GO HOME.

Following the report of the arrival of the quarry at Graves' this afternoon, Sheriff Durbin proceeded forthwith to the spot, followed by his posse, and a few hours later by the militia companies from Woodburn and Salem, which had been at the rear awaiting orders. The whole army of officers arrived at the ranch last night, but orders came from them to return, and the orders were obeyed to the letter. The Oregon City Company, which started out behind Sheriff Cooke last evening, got as far as Molalla corners, where they camped for the night. Early this morning they were ordered back home, and they went.

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